



Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally. Another woman,

Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Collingswood, N.J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular.

"I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me."

—15000 People if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, and kidney troubles.

A citizen took up the ubiquitous cow of a neighbor and started to the pound with her. However, on the way he unexpectedly met the pound, in the shape of the owner of the bovine, who proceeded to prove that he was much the larger man of the two.

All itching diseases are embarrassing as well as annoying. Hunt's Cure will instantly relieve and permanently cure all forms of such diseases. Guaranteed. Price 50 Cts.

If a person is bitten by a supposed mad dog, let him call a physician and apply lemon juice to the wound. This is the advice of Dr. Lagorio of Pasteur Institute.

ARE YOU GOING WEST?

To California or Arizona, only \$25, via the Santa Fe. Tickets on sale September 15 to November 30, 1903. Tourist Sleeper Texas to Los Angeles without change. For stopover privileges, descriptive literature, time cards, etc., see Santa Fe agents, or address W. S. Keenan, G. P. A., Galveston, Texas.

A nice thing about having children is that it keeps a man's wits sharpened to prevent them from discovering how much he doesn't know.

McCAFFEE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY. Based in Texas, for trained and reliable Detective Service.

A single American system, the Penn. sylvanian, carries more freight than all the lines combined in any other nation in the world.

Love does to woman what the sun does to flowers; it colors them, embellishes them, makes them look radiant and beautiful. But when it is too ardent it consumes and withers them.

Mr. Hunter—What is your favorite wild game? Miss Bird—Oh, football, & yall means.

Most women take too much medicine and some men don't take enough.

If a man has plenty of nerve he will soon get the coin.

A racing automobile isn't in it with fleeting fame.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES color more goods, brighter colors, with less work than others.

Physicians no longer bleed their patients with a lancet.

CORPORATIONS and Individuals who need reliable Detective Service, Employ McCaffee's Detective Agency, Houston, Tex.

The love of luxury is what makes embezzlers.

The finger of scorn has few good points about it.

Of all men it is up to the geographer to be worldly wise.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Just three tenths of a second are required for a signal to pass through the Atlantic cable, 2,700 miles.

Mrs. Winslow's Sinking Syrup. For children teething softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough. 25c a bottle.

There are more insane people outside the asylums than there are in them.

Man's recuperative power after an injury is in an inverse ratio to his social advancement.

Why It Is the Best is because made by an entirely different process. DeWitt's Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 10 cents.

The total commerce of Abyssinia is about \$9,500,000 a year.

YOUTHFUL MURDERERS IN JAIL

Harvey Van Dine, Gustav Marx, Peter Neidermeyer and Emil Roeski, Who Killed Seven Men in Their Brief Career of Crime, Captured in Indiana After an All-Day Fight.

MURDERS TO WHICH CHICAGO BANDITS HAVE CONFESSED.

- Bauder, Otto, murdered in saloon of Ernest Spire, 1820 North Ashland avenue, July 9. La Gross, B. C., murdered in his saloon, 2120 North Ashland avenue, Aug. 2. Johnson, Adolph, murdered in saloon of B. C. La Gross, 2120 North Ashland avenue, Aug. Johnson, James B., motorman, killed in robbery of Chicago City Railway company barns, Aug. 30. Stewart, Francis W., clerk, killed in robbery of Chicago City Railway company barns, Aug. 30. Quinn, John, detective, killed while trying to arrest Marx. Sovea, L. J., brakeman on Pennsylvania railroad, killed on freight train at East Tolleston, Ind. In addition to these murders, the same bandits wounded six men in committing robberies.

Possessed of all the cowardice and the cunning of the sheep-killing dog, four young men are now in the county jail at Chicago; cowardly because they had murdered chiefly the helpless and unsuspecting, and, despite their boasting, were all captured alive with loaded weapons in their hands; cunning because they recognized the fact that their very recklessness and audacity in crime would suffice to distract attention from such youths as they; bloodthirsty because they murdered unnecessarily, not even to assure their own safety, but from sheer lust of murder, as the sheep-killing dog tears the throats of the scores of sheep, while he does not even drink the product of his fangs.

Sullen and yet boasting, there they are alike, yet not alike, for they vary in some characteristics. They might perhaps be classified—Harvey Van Dine, the brains; Gustav Marx, the lieutenant and second in intelligence; Peter Neidermeyer, the murderous, and Emil Roeski, the weak, drunken, vicious and unprincipled.

Brutal and wounded, the three men when captured, yet retained a degree of their bravado, a bravado which is soon to pass away, for as the shadows deepen about them and the skeleton of the gallows develops itself more clearly there will come a new comprehension and a frightened understanding of what it is which they have done.

There have been Claude Duvals and Dick Turpins and Robert Macaire. There have been James brothers and Younger brothers, and goodness knows how many other distinguished and fraternal highwaymen.

You may count them all, with all their exploits, and find nothing so intensely dramatic as the story of the battle of Miller's Station Nov. 27.

Truly, it was a great chapter in the long history of crime in Chicago. The mind of the dime novelist never conceived a scene more thrilling than the last stand and final capture of the three remaining authors of the car-barn murders—Van Dine, Neidermeyer and Roeski.

The round-up of this trio was accomplished at hard cost. One man was killed, others were badly wounded, after a desperate man hunt, a dramatic escape and recapture.

For hours these three men fought like caged rats, and when finally caught they were nights for the gods. They were salted with buckshot, their flesh was torn with bullets, they were bleeding from scores of wounds. Yet all will live to join Marx and meet again on a clear road to the gallows.

The capture of the men was very serious business for all concerned, and yet it carried a touch of humor. With two special trains of Chicago police-

men armed with Winchester rifles, the final work was done by a little band of rabbit hunters and an armament of shotguns. Charles Hamilton, the village blacksmith of East Tolleston, was the man who brought down the game.

To put it in statistical form, the net results of the day were one man dead, L. J. Sovea, a brakeman, shot down remorselessly by the bandits; two men of the posse wounded, Detective Sergeant Matthew Zimmer and Policeman Joseph B. Driscoll, and three captured of the most hardened and remarkable group of criminals ever known in Chicago—Harvey Van Dine, Peter Neidermeyer and Emil Roeski.

For other results within the past six months of a charmed career of crime, these young men may count to their credit five men murdered, eight others wounded, and a half dozen places looted of money in various amounts.

The face of Van Dine marks him easily as the brains, the deviser, of the quartet. It is a long face, with a clear complexion, such as would naturally accompany a red hair, and is borne well upon a strong neck suited to the body of the athlete Van Dine is known to be.

Though bruised, and with somewhat of the feverish look resultant from the day's terrific adventures and the presence of a few small shot in the head, its expression was firm and almost placid. The jaw is strong, the forehead a good one, the eyebrows finely arched, and, taken all in all, the man is not unhandsome.

But it is the eyes which fascinate. They are of a singular gray blue and have an expression which is puzzling and indefinable. They are not exactly snake-like, but they are mystifying. Had Van Dine escaped alone, unhampered by companions, there might have been a longer story to tell of a man hunt, a story similar to that of the murderer Tracy, who, not so long ago, roused the entire Northwest along the Pacific coast in his pursuit.

The fact and form of Neidermeyer are in sharp contrast with those of Van Dine. Taller and darker than the real leader of the group of killers, there is no redeeming quality to him. His swart features are irregular, his speech harsh, and the expression of his face generally is that of sullen antipathy to all mankind. His look is not intelligent, but has a certain craftiness about it.

His nose is a spread Roman, his chin is strong, but it is his mouth which reveals the quality of the man. It is cruel and brutally lascivious. It might have been the mouth of some low Roman serf, whose duty it was to drag from the arena the bodies of Christian maidens mangled by wild beasts.

The whole aspect of his face was that of some of the duller and clumsier carnivora. He was the bloodthirsty one of the group. He it was who could not restrain his desire for killing, and did unnecessary murder at the car barns.

Not in him was it to confess with any freedom. Only with grunts and nods of the head did he confirm the story of Van Dine. He should have been a member of the Bender family, so murderously famous in Kansas criminal history.

make-up stamped him as what is known as a "bum."

He was shabbily dressed and in a pitiable state of fright. He seems to be an habitual drunkard, the twitching of his hands indicating a nervous state, even beyond that induced his present condition.

For six months these four men had

In the morning when they fought their way from the dugout on the sand dune shore of Lake Michigan through a cordon of Chicago detectives who thought they had snared them like rats in a trap, they swore to die fighting and killing till the last. With their fiendish accuracy of aim they had shot down Detectives



PETER NEIDERMEYER

HARVEY VANDINE

killed with as little regard for life as that exhibited by hunger-crazed animals. No fear of the law ever caused them to stay their trigger fingers. If the wiping out of one or more human lives was necessary to their securing a few dollars and cents or essential to their escape from peril, out went the life or lives as rapidly as a candle is snuffed by an expert shot.

Yet, after an all-morning battle with officers of the law, standing at bay on the edge of the frozen Tolleston marsh, with birdshot loaded guns of the farmers pointed at them, they hesitated for just one moment and staid their slaughtering hands.

Earlier in the day they would not have hesitated. They would have shot down the farmers like so many dogs. Their wounds had not impaired their almost supernatural marksmanship. Each carried 100 rounds of ammunition. They stood behind a rude barricade of cornstalks. The frozen marsh, with its tangled reeds, and brambles, and scrub, furnished at least a temporarily safe retreat. The farmers were not dangerous. Their birdshot stung, but it did not seriously wound. Policemen were creeping on them from corn shock to corn shock, and

Driscoll and Zimmer, and although hit themselves, with Emil Roeski, their pal, had made their escape.

For six miles they plowed their way, leaving bloody trails, across sand dune, through dwarfed forest, and over ice-coated marsh. They wanted an engine to aid them in escaping. A brakeman stood between them and the object of their desire. With a smile and scurry jost, Neidermeyer killed him. The blood lust was still upon them.

But standing behind their feeble defenses of frozen stalk they looked one another in the eye. In that moment something put that which they had never known—fear—into their hearts, their thirst for blood was quenched, and their career as man killers ended. Without an instant's hesitation, each man threw up his hands and surrendered to the farmers and to certain death on the gallows.

"I thought it was no use fighting any longer," said Van Dine. "We could have killed every farmer in front of us, but what would have been the use? We would have been 'got' before night, and somehow I didn't want to do any shooting."

Van Dine was the first to throw up his hands and call out that he surrendered. Two magazine revolvers, one blued revolver and one pearl-handled weapon were taken from the pair.

Emil Roeski, their pal, left the two soon after they broke from the dugout and, despite a severe bullet wound in the hip, walked eight miles across the country to Aetna, a station of the Wabash railroad. In the toilet room he washed his hands and cleared the traces of blood from his clothing. Then he bought a ticket to Chicago, and, exhausted, lay down on a bench to sleep until the train should arrive. He awoke to gaze into the barrel of a revolver aimed at his head by Detective Falkland.

"I guess I'm it," he said quietly. Not a tone of regret, not a trace of sorrow appeared in the voices or faces of Van Dine and Neidermeyer, as in the gathering twilight, nursing their bullet and shot wounds, they sat in Chief O'Neill's office and confessed every crime of which they had been accused.

Nonchalantly and glibly they admitted the responsibility of the quartet for seven murders and the wounding of seven other men. They told of the money they had secured from the robberies of which the murders—to them—were but insignificant and unimportant parts. They laughed over the double killing involved in the Chicago City railway car barn robbery.

The cases against the four young bandits were placed before the grand jury Nov. 28. After hearing the confession of the prisoners true bills for murder were voted against all four.

Must Pay for Malpractice.

A Providence jury has given a verdict of \$2,375 against a physician and surgeon of that city, Dr. J. Leroy Fisher, and in favor of a boy whose leg was broken on Aug. 19, 1901. The allegation on which the suit was brought and successfully prosecuted was that the fracture was not correctly located and that as a result the leg became painful and ulcerated and when finally healed was considerably shorter than the other.

Most of the women who go shopping in the matrimonial market start in the silk department and end up at the remnant counter.

A Rare Good Thing.

"Am using ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet." Mrs. Matilda Holtvert, Providence, R. I. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Ask to-day.

A country school district advertised for a school marm with three children of her own. The pleasant task of the school teacher loses some of its charm when they have to assume the work of producing the children also.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHERRY makes oath that he is a partner of the firm of F. J. CHERRY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATHARTIC CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1903.

W. A. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Cathartic Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

Celluloid steel shot are now successfully used instead of black diamonds for core rock drills.

WHY MONEY IS LOST

In Mining Investments.

Washington, D. C.—(Special).—Mr. E. M. Farr, well known in Washington, and whose investments in mining stocks have been uniformly successful, was interviewed recently at the Colonial Hotel, where he lives. "Any mining stock worth investing in," he said, "is good for an investment of five hundred dollars. Buy from the company direct. Don't buy from fiscal agents, or outside brokers, nor spend money in developing prospects when you can buy into large, well-developed mines which will speedily become dividend-payers. Two mining companies offering exceptional advantages are the Knickerbocker Tunnel Company, with offices in the Davidson building, this city, and the Enterprise Mining, Reduction and Improvement Company, 1413 G street, Washington, D. C. The former is all ready for a reduction and concentrating plant, to cost \$150,000, and ninety days later will pay 18 per cent dividends on its entire capitalization. The Enterprise Company has developed 50,000 tons of ore, with 50,000 tons more in immediate prospect, which will yield \$1,000,000 profit. It is also ready for a reduction and concentrating plant costing \$30,000. The dividends will amount to 36 per cent a year. I know the men in charge of the companies well and vouch for their reliability and integrity. If you wish a safe and highly remunerative investment communicate with them."

Almost all great families of the earth are descended from either a bandit or a cutthroat. Judging by the police reports, the work of establishing great families for future use is going on right merrily these days.

For Catarrh and Colds in the head, Hunt's Lightning Oil inhaled is a sure cure. A few drops taken internally relieves and cures Cramp Colic, Cholera Morbus and such troubles. Guaranteed. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Good habits are most essential to any successful career. Creative ability is demanded. Order and system should go hand in hand, and finally the "character that inspires credit" is everywhere needed.

Don't Become Discouraged, But use Simmons' Liver Purifier (the box). Many imitations of the original, so be careful and see that it's "Purifier" and manufactured by the A. C. Simmons Jr. Medicine Co.

In Siam everybody smokes, from baby to grandfather. The native tobacco is very strong, but European tobacco rolled in lotus leaves makes a cigarette with a flavor that is by no means to be despised.

More Flexible and Lasting, won't shake out or bow out; by using DeWitt's Starch you obtain better results than possible with any other brand and one-third more for same money.

Exploration of the Yenisei and Obi rivers of Siberia, which empty into the Arctic ocean near Nova Zembla has shown them to be navigable to ocean steamers for a distance of nearly 1,000 miles.

At best life is but short. Do not make it shorter yet by rank neglect of that cough of yours, when one bottle of DeWitt's Cough Syrup would cure you. Guaranteed. Price 25 and 50 cents.

The man who wears the best clothes may have the most creditors.

When Your Grocer Says he does not have DeWitt's Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 12 oz. packages are sold. DeWitt's Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water Starch, but contains 16 oz. to the package and sells for same money as 12 oz. brands.

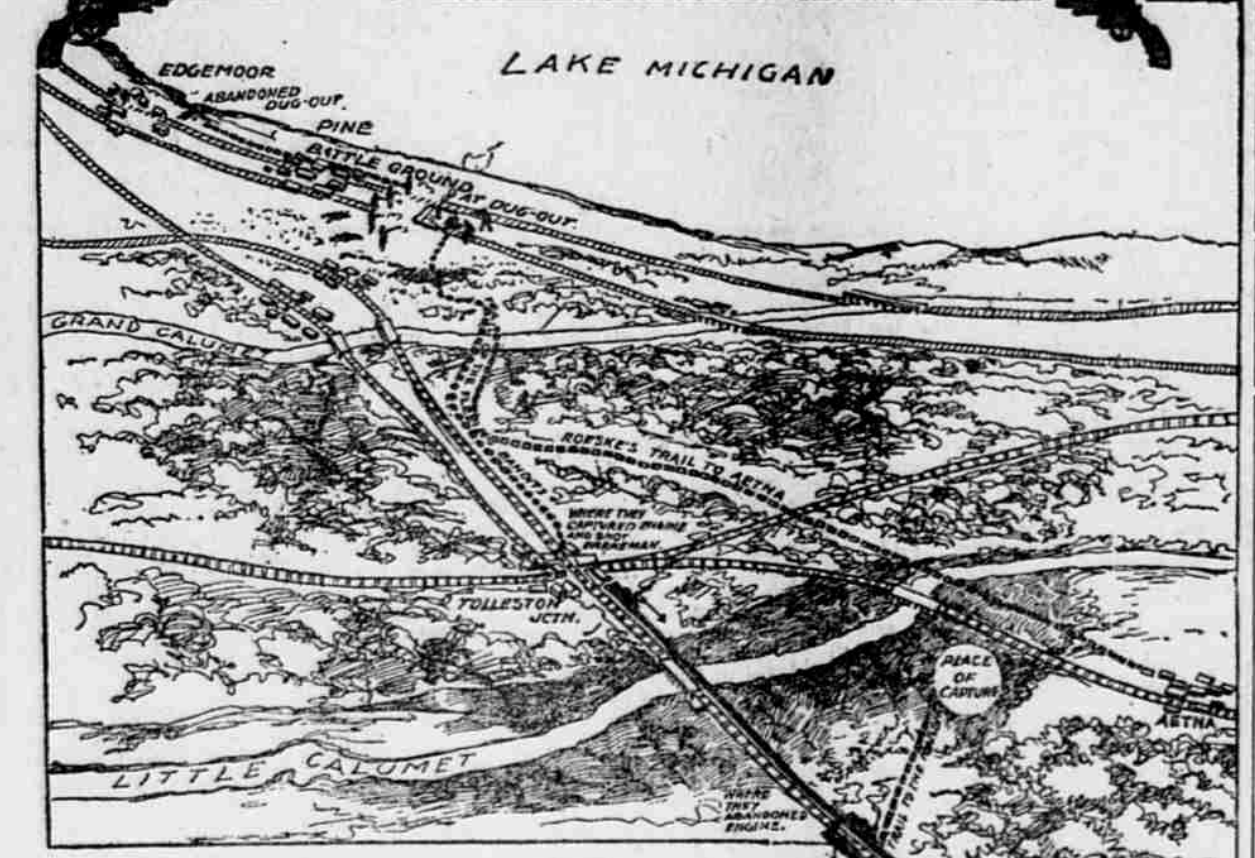
The only certain tips on baseball are the foul tips.

Ever ready, always reliable, are Cheatham's Laxative Tablets. They cure a Cold quicker than any known remedy. Easy to carry, pleasant to take. Guaranteed. Price 25 Cts.

Seamen on native river craft in China get \$3 a month, on seagoing Chinese vessels, \$8. They furnish their own food.

Pico's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 223 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 4, 1903.

Mrs. Hatterson—Your new house, I suppose, will be finished in modern style? Mrs. Catterson—Oh, yes; nothing in it but antiques.



SCENE OF BATTLE WITH BANDITS.

complicated at hard cost. One man was killed, others were badly wounded, after a desperate man hunt, a dramatic escape and recapture.

For hours these three men fought like caged rats, and when finally caught they were nights for the gods. They were salted with buckshot, their flesh was torn with bullets, they were bleeding from scores of wounds. Yet all will live to join Marx and meet again on a clear road to the gallows.

The capture of the men was very serious business for all concerned, and yet it carried a touch of humor. With two special trains of Chicago po-

Marx has a face with no impressive features, save that it has an expression of self-consciousness and vanity in what his career has been. That expression is now rapidly changing to one of fear. He realizes what is coming.

Roeski does not belong to the group. He must have become connected with them through some accident, and have been retained by them because of his knowledge of their crimes. Of medium height and weight, red-nosed, weak-faceted, and watery-eyed, he sat there answering the questions of reporters, sullenly and hesitatingly, but with apparent truthfulness. Every item of his

from scrub pine to scrub oak. But the young bandits were not surrounded, and had a fair chance for at least a few hours more, if not ultimate, liberty.